THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 15, 1808.

Remarkable Anecdote of Sir George Stair, the supposed Executioner of King Charles the First.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

GEORGE II. on his return to London, after the battle of Dettingen, could with difficulty bear the sight of Lord Stair. He could not forgive his lordship's reproaching him for the danger which threatened the English army, in case the king had obstinately persisted in leaving it in the camp, which it occupied, and where it would have been completely defeated, if the duke de Grammont by his rashness had not saved it. Lord Stair, as proud as he was skilful in war, having soon perceived the king's dislike, and being little disposed to bear the shame of a formal disgrace, was on the point of retiring to his estate in Scotland, when he received the following letter:

"MY LORD,

"Your bravery is well known; but will you have the courage to go, to-morrow night, to the entrance of Somerset-house, where you will meet one who (if you dare follow him) will conduct you to a part of the town not much frequented, but where you will find one who is impatient to see you, and to discover secrets which are of more importance than you imagine, and which cannot be disclosed in a letter? If you are afraid this should be a plot on your purse, bring nothing valuable about you."

We may conceive his lordship's surprise, at the reading of this note. At first he took it for a trick of some secret enemy, or some affair of gallantry, the heroine of which had, probably,

her reasons for so acting; however he determined to go. He, therefore, after providing himself with a sword and a brace of good pistols, went to Somerset-house, and found there a man, who, without speaking, made him a sign to follow him. After walking for about an hour, they came into a street almost empty, where the conductor knocked at the door of a small old house; when it was opened, he said, "Walk in, my lord," and the door was shut upon them. The intrepid nobleman, holding his sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, went up the staircase, and entered the room, the furniture of which seemed very ancient. "Come in, my lord," said a faint voice issuing from a bed, "come in, you have nothing to fear; pray sit down in the chair near my bed, and we will converse together." "Very well," said Lord Stair; but make haste and tell me the reason of this odd adventure." "You are hasty, my lord, but have patience; lay down your arms, take that seat, and come and look at me." His lordship, surprised at such authoritative commands, to which he was little accustomed, got up, took the lamp, went to the bed, and remained stupified at the sight of an old man, pale and thin, with a long white beard, and whose eyes were instantly fixed upon him. "Look at me, my lord," said he, "I am still alive; I owe to you the only true pleasure I have tasted these many, many years. Age and misfortunes have they entirely effaced the marks of one who is nearly related to you, and who is delighted to find in you features which are most dear to him? His lordship, still more astonished, looked at the old man, and unable to account for the different emotions which agitated him, spoke not a word. "Stoop," said the old man, "and you will find under my bed a box which contains papers capable of amply repairing the losses which your family has suffered by the civil wars." His lordship, having placed the box on the bed, sat down again on the chair. "Here, my lord," said the old man, "here are copies of the sales of three of the principal seats belonging to your ancestors, which your great grandfather sold, or rather pretended to sell, during the troubles. Here are also the letters of the pretended buyers, by which you may immediately recover the estates on your arrival in Scotland. Precautions have been taken to prevent any disputes." What was his lordship's astonishment when he saw these three contracts of estates, which he knew formerly belonged to his house; "Ah!" cried he with transport, "Ah! who are you, respectable and benevolent old man, to whom I owe more than to my own father? speak, I beg of you! favour me with the name of so generous a benefactor, in whom I am so singularly interested, and whose days Heaven seemed to have prolonged, that he may find in me, the most tender and respectable of friends, and the most grateful of men!" "Leave me, my

dear

dear lord," said the old man, in haste, "I am too weak to bear a longer conversation; leave me, I beg; take that box, and bid adieu to an old man, who thinks himself less unfortunate since he has had the happiness of holding you in his arms." "Ah! whoever you are," said Lord Stair, "and whatever reasons you may have to conceal the name of so generous a man, can you have the cruelty to oblige me to obey you? To abandon you in such a situation, without friends, without help, without—" "Stop, my lord! it is with pleasure I see in you such generous sentiments; but know that your friend (since you think him worthy of that title) however unfortunate he may be in other respects, is still free from want; therefore, if you wish to oblige me, leave me, my lord, instantly; nay, do more, and believe me I have a right to demand it: swear to me that you will never come here again, nor ever search after me, unless I send for you." His lordship seeing by his tone of voice that he would not be refused, promised to obey him; once more embraced him, and then left him with tears in his eyes.

On his return home he immediately opened the box, and found a great number of papers which he judged would be of great use to him. Next morning, as he was preparing (notwithstanding his promise) to return to the old man, he was suddenly stopped by the following letter, sealed with his own arms, and to his extreme surprise, signed George Stair.

"Do not return to me, my dear lord, for you will not find me. If it had been only to tell you who I am, that is, your great grandfather, who has so long been supposed dead, and who justly deserved to be so; I should not have opposed your just desire of knowing your benefactor, but the consequences which I foresaw of so interesting a scene, too much so for my weak age to bear, made me dread to satisfy your curiosity, upon circumstances, which far from offering to you so dear and respectable a relation as you imagined, would only have shewn to you a wretch—a monster less worthy of pity than horror!'

"My father died a few months after my birth; my mother soon followed him; I was left to the care of an aunt, sister to my father, who brought me up so tenderly that (though she was the cause of my crime) I still retain the most grateful remembrance of her in my heart. I was scarce seventeen, when, struck with indignation at seeing my countrymen armed against their lawful sovereign, I formed the design of tendering to King Charles I. the offer of my fortune and sword; but what was my astonishment when at disclosing my intention to my good aunt, I saw her trembling lift her hands to Heaven, and look at me with a kind of horror. Surprised and afflicted at the state she was in, and turning with impatience to know the

reason, ' You force me then to tell you,' cried she, bursting into tears, ' know then that the prince you are so desirous of serving, is the author of my shame, and of your father's death. I was about fifteen, and among the attendants who waited on his mother, when the wretch, imposing on my age and credulity, by the most sacred oaths, contrived to seduce me—in short, I was ruined. The perfidious prince soon after went to Spain, in hopes of marrying the infanta. I should have been entirely lost, if your father had not come to London; to him I was obliged to own my misfortune, and the consequences which I dreaded. That dear brother, afflicted even to tears, ran immediately to the queen, obtained permission to take me away, and sent me to one of his seats near Edinburgh, where I remained 'till I was perfectly recovered. Alas! (added she) I was doomed to see him no more. The grief which he conceived for my undoing soon killed him; and his worthy wife who after bringing you into the world, survived only a month. Such, my dear nephew, were the secrets and deplorable motives which reduced me to that obscurity in which I have since lived, and of which you are alone acquainted. Judge now, my friend, if after the care I have taken of your infancy, and the education I have procured you, say, can you devote your fortune and arms to the author of so many calamities, to a barbarian who has carried death into the breasts of your parents, and into mine eternal remorse?' ' No!' cried I, ' by God! no! the wretch is unworthy of life, and he shall die by my hand!' To tell you, my lord, by what means as refined as dangerous, my fury against the king continually increasing, was at last able to fulfil my revenge and execrable oath; to tell you all the events, and the excess of remorse which soon followed my crime, would be now too grievous in my weak state to relate. Be satisfied with knowing, that you may abhor me as much as I detest myself; *that the executioner of King Charles I. who appeared on the scaffold under a mask, was in fact no other than your unworthy, too guilty great grandfather, Sir George Stair.*"

From 1649, when Charles I. was beheaded, and 1743, when the battle of Dettingen was fought, there is an interval of 94 years. On a supposition that Sir George Stair was 20 years old when he committed his crime, his age in 1743 must have been 114 years.

The anonymous author of these memoirs, adds, that whatever were the emotions of Lord Stair at reading this letter, his first care was to look for the street and house where he had seen his great grandfather; but finding the house empty, he had learnt from the neighbours that it had only been occupied since eight days; that it was never known by whom; that since the preceding night the servants had abandoned it, furnished

nished as it was; that they could not tell of whom the tenant held the house, the proprietor being long since settled in America.

On the Dangers attending a Life of Dissipation; and the Folly of depending upon the Promises of the Great.

(Concluded from Page 628.)

THOUGH Donna Isabella had at first not only appeared gratified by his passion, but had likewise made it the most ardent return, yet she soon began to change her conduct toward him, and behaved with mere civility, bordering upon reserve. This alteration in the lady's conduct seemed only to add fewel to his flame, and he did every thing in his power to awaken her tenderness, and reanimate her breast with mutual regard.—Though she treated his lordship with the most mortifying indifference, to me she behaved in a manner that convinced me of her esteem, and if ever we were a moment together without a third person, her partiality was too evident to be misconceived. I was too much attached to Lord Clifton to avail myself of these testimonies, but at length she gave me proofs of affection, which I was unable to withstand, for I received a letter from Donna Isabella, couched in such ardent terms of tenderness, that they instantly made a passage to my heart. Honour, friendship, and all the ties of gratitude, instantly fled before this magic spell, and I assured her that my whole life should be devoted to proving the ardency of my attachment, and the fervency of my regard.

Lord Clifton had so firm a reliance upon my conduct, that it was long before he suspected the cause of the diminution of his mistress's regard; but at length he observed the tender glances which passed between us, and the consequence was, that his suspicions were roused. Instead of upbraiding me for the dishonourable part I had acted, he rather increased the confidence which he had formerly placed; and I was so far deceived by this appearance of cordiality, that I daily became less upon my guard. This was exactly what his lordship expected—and I became entrapped in the snare: in short, he was watching all my motions, when I believed not any of them were observed. At length he discovered our place of assignation, and had the most convincing proofs of my ingratitude, and Donna Isabella's caprice; when after upbraiding me with my conduct, and disowning all further connexion with the lady, he desired never more to behold my face.

The madness I had been guilty of, instantly flashed upon my imagination, and even the caresses of Donna Isabella lost their charm;

charm; still I flattered myself with the hope, that through the persuasions of our tutor, I might have the happiness of regaining his lordship's regard. Vain hope! unfortunate infatuation! by which all my brilliant prospects in life were overthrown; for Mr. Dawson not only reprobated the shameful part I had acted, but informed me Lord Clifton would not even allow him to mention my name. That worthy man, and his pupil, quitted Venice the very day after my ingratitude was revealed, and, as if to make my general conduct appear the more reprehensible, Lord Clifton no longer seemed to feel a relish for any fashionable vice. Instead of devoting his time to those pleasures which injure the health, and relax the powers of the mind; he suddenly appeared to acquire a taste for those amusements which are beneficial to the one, and give strength to the other. Thus it was naturally supposed that I had been the instigator of his numerous vices, and a general odium was thrown upon my name. I was not only considered as a monster, who had been guilty of the blackest ingratitude, but as a wretch who had endeavoured to tarnish the lustre of his friend's fame!

While Donna Isabella continued to give me proofs of her attachment, I seemed to lose the sense of my situation in an intoxicating dream; but the moment she began to show the natural versatility of her disposition, I lost the soothing solace which had quieted my heart. She required that her lovers should be continually varying her amusements, and though naturally volatile, she had no resources in her own mind; the consequence was, that what she admired one day, the next, perhaps, she would say she despised. Though her fortune was extremely large, yet she was so completely self interested, that she expected her lovers should always pay for every amusement to which she went; and the moment she found that my purse was not calculated to gratify her love of pleasure, she quitted Venice without even informing me of her design.

I was obliged to remain until I received remittances from my mother, as I had not money enough to pay one half of my debts; however, the moment it arrived, I set out for England, resolving, if possible, to make my peace with the peer. As it was the time of the year when the family were in London, I instantly drove to Portman-square, but I had the mortification of hearing from the porter, that he had received orders not to admit me into the house.

As my father had never told me the state of his finances, I had no idea that he would have left me more than a thousand pounds, therefore I was most agreeably surprised at finding that my sisters and self had each of us double that sum; and that two hundred a year, which he had left to my mother, was to revert to me at her death. It is true, he had not been able to save so large a sum out of his living, but a ticket he had

bought

bought in the lottery had fortunately proved a good prize, and this, with a strict attention to economy, had been the means of my fortune being so much larger than I had reason to expect. The mortification I had endured at being refused admission to the earl's mansion, was greatly diminished at hearing he was no longer at the head of public affairs; but that the honourable Mr. P——, with whom I had been intimately acquainted, then filled an important post in the state. Upon that gentleman, therefore, I immediately waited, and was received by him with the warmest professions of regard; and as the greatest degree of animosity subsisted between him and my former patron, he gave me the most positive assurances of becoming my friend. He ridiculed the puritanity of Lord Sedley's sentiments for withdrawing his patronage from a young man, for no better cause than an intrigue; told me I was calculated to make a figure in society, and gave me a general invitation to his house.

Elated with these professions, I now resolved to convince his lordship, that it would have been politic in him to have retained me for his friend; for I had the audacity in all companies openly to condemn his conduct, and even here, my presumption and ingratitude did not end. The present, and the late administration, were at open warfare, and pamphlets, as usual, were published on each side; I, of course, espoused the cause of my present patron, and affixed my name to such language, which I ought to have blushed to write.

The real rectitude of this amiable man's principles made him treat my invectives with the contempt they deserved; but I now felt myself secure of Mr. P——'s patronage, though I had never received more than professional proofs of his regard. My mother was so completely shocked at the depravity of my sentiments, that she could not bear the idea of encountering my former patron's sight, and therefore determined to quit a small house she had taken in the neighbourhood, before the time that the family were expected to return. Instead of being biassed by the tenderness of her remonstrances, I began to fancy myself a person of real importance to the state, and so completely was my vanity inflated by this idea, that I already imagined that my fortune was made. In consequence of this mistaken opinion, I lived away in a most expensive style, and kept an establishment as if my fortune had amounted to two thousand a year, instead of two thousand pounds.

This display of elegance of course was very transitory, and I soon found myself deeply involved in debt; it was no longer possible for me to rely merely on *promises*, therefore I determined to put Mr. P——'s friendship to the test. He appeared perfectly astonished at hearing I was under any pecuniary embarrassments, informed me, he had understood that my father

had left me ten thousand pounds; but again assured me, that I might depend upon his services, adding, that he had been obliged to provide for those to whom prior engagements had been made.

Compelled to appear satisfied with these evasive answers, I remained six months longer under the torture of suspense, when I accidentally heard that a place under government was vacant, which he had given me a positive promise that I should possess. In all the ardour of expectation, I waited upon my patron, but was informed that he was giving a private audience to Lord D——, and that the carriage was waiting until some affairs of business were transacted, when he was going to accompany that gentleman to his country seat. As every thing depended upon my obtaining this situation, by the help of a bribe to the servant, I persuaded him to deliver my card, on the back of which, I begged to speak with him for two minutes upon business, which could not admit of being delayed; but the man instantly returned, saying his master could not see me, and would not be in town again for ten days.

All the horrors of my fate instantly flashed upon my imagination, and I returned to my lodgings in an absolute frantic state; however, I wrote to Mr. P——, and reminded him of his promise, without even venturing to hope that he would be biassed by what I said, and the next morning I had the misery of hearing that the place had been given to a person who had been recommended by Lord D —. The adage, that misfortunes never come unattended, was completely verified in the state of my affairs, for my creditors, worn out with repeated excuses, provided an apartment for me in the Fleet!

My mother, with that tenderness I had ever received from her, instantly requested an amount of my debts, offering to relinquish one half of her income, and my amiable sisters making the same generous proposal themselves. Despicable as was the part I had formerly acted, I was not base enough to avail myself of their disinterested designs, and even then, my creditors must have consented to receive a composition, as my debts amounted to treble what they could have paid.

In this wretched place of confinement I have had leisure to reflect upon the impropriety of my conduct, but repentance, alas! can now be of no avail; yet still I shall enjoy a pleasing satisfaction, if the young and inexperienced are admonished by my tale.

SKETCH *of the* LIFE *of* SIR JOHN CARTER.

THE late Sir John Carter, mayor of Portsmouth, where he lately died, in his 67th year, was undoubtedly a man

generally and most deservedly respected both in his private and public capacity. His parents were both dissenters, and belonged to that denomination designated by the term "rational dissenters." His father was a merchant of considerable eminence in Portsmouth: and though from the offices Sir John afterwards held, he was under the necessity of occasionally conforming, he remained firm to the principles of dissent from the doctrines and worship of the established church. In September, 1763, Mr. Carter was elected an alderman of the borough of Portsmouth; and about 1768 he began to act as a magistrate. At Michaelmas, 1769, he was chosen chief magistrate for the year.

In the summer of 1773, during his second mayoralty, the king made his first visit to Portsmouth, and at that time wished to confer the honour of knighthood on the mayor; a title, at that time held in much higher estimation than at present, but this Mr. Carter declining, was informed that his majesty conceived his refusal proceeded from a disregard for royal favour. This consideration, and the persuasion of his friends, however, induced him to comply, and he was accordingly knighted on the 23d of June, 1773. In 1784, he was appointed sheriff of the county. In fact he was five times elected mayor of Portsmouth, and it was during his sixth mayoralty that the king made his third and last visit to Portsmouth. During the mutiny at Spithead, in the spring of 1797, by his mild, conciliatory, and patient conduct, he rendered the country a very essential service. The sailors having lost three of their body, in consequence of the resistance made to their going on board the London, then bearing the flag of Admiral Colpoys, they wished to bury them in Kingston church-yard, and to carry them in procession through the town of Portsmouth. This request was most positively refused them by the governor, and they applied to Sir John, who endeavoured to move the governor in their favour, who still remaining inflexible, Sir John at length compromised the affair by getting leave for the sailors to pass through the garrison of Portsmouth in procession, and the dead bodies of their companions to be landed at the common hard at Portsea, where the procession was to join them. For this solicitation Sir John was stigmatized as a jacobin, and this by so many persons in high stations, that he was obliged to decline any intercourse with them; still so great was his influence over the sailors, that they most scrupulously adhered to the terms he prescribed to them in their procession to the grave, so far, that two who came a shore "a little groggy," were by the rest carefully locked up in a room by themselves, lest they should become quarrelsome. The procession was thought an interesting spectacle. Sir John accompanied them himself

himself through the garrison, to prevent any insult being offered them.

At the common hard he was met by his friend Mr. Godwin, a worthy magistrate of the borough. They attended the procession till it had passed the fortifications at Portsea, and the whole passed off with decency and quietness. When the sailors returned, and were sent off to their respective ships, some of the delegates from London, came to Sir John to thank him for his kindness. Sir John seized the opportunity of enquiring after their admiral—"Do you know him, your honour?" "Yes, I have a great respect for him, and hope you will not do him any harm." "No, by G—d, your honour, he shall not be hurt." It was then thought the admiral would have been hung at the yard-arm; he had, from precaution, even made his will, in which he left to the widows of the three men unfortunately killed, an annuity of 20l. each. The next morning the admiral was safely brought on shore, though pursued by a boat from the Mars. The delegates who accompanied him, brought him to Sir John Carter; they then desired to have a receipt for him, as a proof to their comrades that he was safe in the hands of the civil power. The admiral himself, on his first appearance at court, afterwards acknowledged to his majesty that he owed his life to Sir John Carter, and assured him that Sir John's principles and conduct had been misrepresented, and that he had not a more faithful and worthy subject in his dominions.

In the riots, occasioned by the scarcity in 1797, Sir John's suavity of manners and unostentatious deportment were not less useful than before. In a mutiny also by the Buckinghamshire militia, among whom he fearlessly mixed, he was not less successful. He was, after all, denounced at the head of a list of inhabitants to Mr. Reeves, as a jacobin, and a strong letter against him was likewise sent to the duke of Portland, which his grace, assured of his patriotism, sent to Sir John, proposing to offer a reward for the discovery of the writer, which, with a dignified consciousness of his purity, Sir John declined. Indeed, so disinterested and honourable were his political principles, that when, in 1806, he was offered a baronetage by Mr. Fox, he declined it on the ground that he believed that to accept it as a reward would be a manifest departure from his principles. These principles it was that induced him to offer a seat in parliament for the borough, to that distinguished friend of liberty, Thomas, now Lord Erskine. The same offer being afterwards made to Sir Thomas Miller, bart. he declared that nothing but the truly honourable way in which the seat was offered him, could have induced him to return again to the fatigue of parliamentary duties. The same conciliating temper induced him also, during the late violence of party, to pro-

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pose, as the other representative, some moderate member of the administration; first, the late Lord Hugh Seymour, and afterwards captain, now Admiral Markham, in compliment to their common friend the earl of St. Vincent.

In 1804, he filled the chair of chief magistrate or mayor of Portsmouth, for the ninth and last time. He was uniformly upright and impartial. He was as willing to afford relief by his purse, as by his advice. To the poor, the widow, and the fatherless, he was a guardian, and many persons had prevailed upon him to undertake the direction of their concerns, by which he set their minds at ease. Never was there a character in which there was less of self than his; in fact, his incessant attention to the duties of his office, and the interest he took in the concerns of friends and dependents, contributed to wear out a constitution not naturally strong. His health had been gradually declining for the last three years. He quitted life with the same composure with which he had passed through it. His lamp went gently out. He drew his last breath during sleep, and died at 20 minutes past three in the afternoon of the 18th of May. His servants and numerous tenantry spontaneously paid the same external tribute of affection and regard that they pay to a near relative, by shutting up their houses.

A family vault was built for him in the burying ground of the unitarian dissenters at Portsmouth, of which society he was nearly the oldest member, the whole of whom went into mourning. He was carried to the burying-place at seven in the morning of the 25th of May, by eight of his servants, and followed by his son, his youngest and only surviving brother, and his oldest nephew. Such was the public feeling on this melancholy occasion, that many hundreds of people more than could be admitted into the unitarian chapel, were assembled by six in the morning.

The southern unitarian society have in him lost a valuable member, and mankind a friend, if the prayers and tears that followed him can be taken as any proof of the public esteem.

He has left a widow and six children. The eldest daughter is married to Captain Eveleigh, of the royal engineers. The second to Captain Giffard, of the royal navy, lieutenant-governor of the royal naval college. The other daughters are unmarried. His son is a minor, an amiable and promising young man. He was educated under Mr. Cogan, of Higham Hill, Walthamstow, and is now a student for the common law at Trinity College, Cambridge.

ACCOUNT *of a* RECENT VOYAGE *to the* NORTH CAPE.

(Concluded from Page 625.)

THE violence of the wind having somewhat abated, our boatmen resolved, at all hazards, to proceed. The passage of Qvalesund, or Hvalesund, the Strait of Whales, was actually attended with considerable danger, and that of Qvalefiord with still greater. Here we were overtaken by the return of the tide, which we had been solicitous to avoid: the waves from the open sea came crowding one upon the other to the entrance of the strait, and met the current, producing a violent, and confused motion. The oars touched the water only on one side at once: we made no way, nor durst we make use of our sail; while the sea was so rough as to threaten to dash our little bark to pieces, her timbers already beginning to crack. The pilot, at length, declared, that he could no longer withstand its turbulence, and that, at all hazards, the sail must be set up, which was instantly done by one of our brave rowers. The mast, bending with the violence of the wind, now almost touched the water, which began to enter on that side; but the vessel gliding along with incredible velocity, we were soon out of danger, and under the shelter of a mountain. Had it not been for this bold manœuvre we should probably have seen the other world instead of the North Cape.

These seas are frequented by great numbers of whales, but fate had decreed that we should not enjoy the sight of any of them. To make amends, the boatmen entertained us with many wonderful stories of those animals. A fisherman being pursued by a whale, and perceiving that flight was impossible, fired a musket at the monster, who, terrified by the explosion, checked his career, and changed his course. Had it not been for this fortunate expedient, like another Jonas, he would have been swallowed up, without the hope of being so seasonably relieved from his confinement as was the prophet. Another was fishing with a line in very fair and calm weather, when a whale suddenly rising from the bosom of the deep, lifted the boat on his back, dashed it to pieces, and the fisherman perished in the waves. In short, had all the events which they related really happened, our enterprize would have been rather rash, and few fishermen would have ventured to approach those parts.

We, however, sailed without accident all night, and arrived in the morning at Havösund, the habitation of a merchant, who was then from home. We were kindly received by his wife and mother, who gave us an excellent breakfast; after which we hastened our departure, in the hope of arriving before

fore midnight at the North Cape, which was still two good Norwegian (twenty-one English) miles distant.

We soon came in sight of the islands of Stapperne or Stappenöer, which are also called the Mother with two Daughters. They are nothing but barren rocks, that in the middle being the largest of the three. Some caverns at the foot of these rocks resounded with the cries of the eider-fowls, which furnish the down known by the same apellation. We had, to the west, a promontory of the island of Magerö, to which the North Cape adjoins. It was a perfect calm, but the sea was covered with surges, and vast clouds, which might have been mistaken for snow-covered Alps, rose above the horizon. We were afterwards informed at Masö, that there is the carcase of a whale on the summit of the largest of the Stapperne islands. To us this appeared almost incredible, for the waves could not have cast it such a height, and the rock is so steep that a man without a burden cannot climb it but with great difficulty.

Before we passed the islands of Stapperne, we had for some time coasted along the island of Masö, after which no object bounded our view over that tremendous ocean, which extending from the polar ices, washes the extremities of Europe, Asia, and America. The little wind we had was often contrary, as well as the current, so that we advanced but slowly, sometimes by the aid of the sail, at others by dint of rowing; and the first mile* took us seven hours, during which our boatmen, worn out with fatigue, went several times on shore to get a little rest. On one of these occasions we found upon a rock, from ten to fifteen fathoms in height, spawn of shell-fish, and sponges as white as snow, and much more easily broken than ordinary sponges. The rocks close to the water's edge were covered with the *buccinum glaciale*, a shell fish, somewhat larger than a nut, and the water itself was full of plants of a prodigious vegetation; the most numerous, I believe, were the *fucus vesiculosus, inflatus*, and *aculeatus*.

We were extremely fortunate in the fair weather and calm which prevailed: for the least wind raises very lofty waves in these seas, and the coast of Magero, which lay to the right, are in general inaccessible. The sea, however, was still rough, and rocked us continually, so that having kept awake all the preceding night, to observe the striking objects which presented themselves to our view, we were now unable to resist the invitation of sleep. All at once a wave, breaking against the vessel, dashed its spray over our heads, and abruptly awaked us. The boatmen then told us in a confused way, that, during our long sleep, we had passed some promontories, and recently

* A Norwegian mile is equal to ten and a half English.

recently a small gulph, on the shores of which were fishermen's huts, with a point of rocks in front, very nearly resembling the North Cape; we could still discern it to the south west. It was now between the hours of five and six in the evening, and the wind changed in our favour. The land seemed to trend away to the east, and left us on that side a more unobstructed view of the ocean. At length, a little before midnight, we perceived this formidable Cape, whose rocks appeared to us at a distance to be of nearly equal height and termination in a perpendicular peak. We first steered our course towards this point; but finding it to be totally inaccessible, and the sea becoming more and more rough, we were obliged to turn to the right, and put into a small bay.

It was during this passage that the North Cape appeared in all its grandeur, as I have endeavoured to represent it at the moment I was taking my view, the nearest rocks seemed to be much higher than those of the peak, and the general appearance was much more picturesque than from any other point. The sea, breaking against this immoveable rampart, which had withstood its rage ever since the beginning of the world, bellowed, and formed a thick border of white froth; the midnight sun illumining this spectacle, equally beautiful and terrific; and the shade which covered the western side of the rocks rendered their aspect still more tremendous. I cannot pretend to state the height of these rocks; every thing here was on a grand scale, and no ordinary object afforded a point of comparison. Notwithstanding the motion of the boat I took several views of the Cape; but at length we were obliged to enter the bay, the only refuge that presented itself in this dismal region.

We went on shore, and directing our steps toward the west, accidentally discovered a grotto formed of rocks whose surface has been washed smooth by the waves. Some inequalities of the rock within, were a substitute for seats; a detached stone served for a table; and a spring of fresh water ran at our feet. Excepting that there was at the farther end an outlet through which we discovered the sea, it was precisely the grotto of the Æneid.

"———Scopulis pendentibus antrum,
"Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo."

We kindled a fire with some pieces of wood thrown upon the shore by the waves; not a single tree was to be seen on the whole coast, nor any vestige indicating the abode of human beings. A hill, some hundred paces in circumference, and surrounded by enormous crags, is the only accessible spot. The southern part of the island in which Kjelvig is situated,

contained,

contained, according to Pontoppidan, 50 or 60 families. M. Wahlenberg found that their number was much smaller. This traveller discovered several new species of plants and mosses.

From the summit of a hill, turning toward the sea, we saw to the right a prodigious mountain, attached to the Cape, and rearing his sterile mass to the skies: to the left a neck of land, covered with less elevated rocks, against which the surges dash with violence, closes the bay, and admits but a limited view of the ocean. One of the boatmen informed us that there was once a church on this spot, but I afterwards learned that it was at the place where the last fishermen's huts are situated.

That we might see as much as possible of the interior of the island, we climbed almost to the summit of the lofty mountain, where I made a drawing of the most singular landscape that ever my eyes beheld. The lake in the fore-ground is perhaps at the elevation of fifteen fathoms above the surface of the sea, and there is another at the top of one of the mountains, which border the former: the view is terminated by peaked rocks, chequered with patches of snow.

Perceiving that the sea began to run very high beyond the Cape, we thought, it adviseable to hasten our departure, that in case of a tempest we might find a more agreeable asylum. At this moment, the remembrance of the long fatigues we had undergone to gain a sight of some dreary rocks almost excited our laughter; but considering the space which still separated us from the civilized world, the toils, and, what was worse, the vexations which awaited us, before we could return to it, our reflexions assumed a graver cast.

We made our way without accident over the waves which seemed to be piled up at the outlet of the bay, and the wind soon became less violent. A species of aquatic birds, called alca artica, were frequently seen skimming the surface of the waves very near our vessel; a large parrot-bill exceedingly disproportioned to the diminutive size of the body, gave these birds a singular appearance. They plunged with astonishing velocity, and it was impossible to shoot any of them on the water. Some of them soon passed us on the wing, and we killed two or three, which we could not get on board, on account of the agitation of the sea.

The wind abating a little, we stood off for Masö, where we were received by Mr. Buck, a merchant of that place, with the hospitality which distinguishes the Norwegians, and with as much respect as though we had been princes.

Masö is the northernmost port of Norwegian Lapland. It is situated in latitude 70° 59′ 54″, two Norwegian and three Swedish miles from the North Cape. The port is formed of a very fine bay, where ships may winter in the greatest security:

it has a church and a fair, and exports considerable quantities of salt fish.

We set sail again in the evening, with the finest weather, and arrived next day at Hammerfest, another sea-port, five Norwegian miles from Masö. A brother of Mr. Buck, who resides there, received us with the same cordiality as we had experienced at the last-mentioned place. At Hammerfest all the houses had small gardens adjoining to them. They were in good condition, but their only productions were potatoes, brown cole, and gooseberries.

After our departure from Hammerfest, we soon got into the track we had followed in going, and arrived at Alten on the fifth day of our absence. The joy expressed by our hosts on our return, proved the hazardous nature of our enterprize; though with the exception of a single moment in the passage of Qvalefiord, the constant favour of fortune had spared us even the slightest appearance of danger.

An ANECDOTE.

ALEXANDER conquered Darius at Abdela. Phrasaortes, a relation of Darius, having raised a considerable band of Persians, guarded the fortress of Susidæ: these were high and straight mountains. The Barbarians, shooting their darts and throwing pieces of rock with their slings from these heights, easily repulsed the attack of the Macedonians. So that Alexander, calling his soldiers back, dug a trench at the distance of thirty furlongs. An oracle of Apollo had declared, that "a foreign wolf would become the leader of his forces." There came an herdsman to Alexander, covered with the skin of a wild beast, and assuming the name of Wolf, he said, that in the windings of the mountains there was a path, concealed by the foliage of the wood, which he only, as he was feeding his cattle, had discovered. Alexander, recollecting the prediction, gave the herdsman credit. He commanded all the army to remain encamped, and to light up many fires, to attract the eyes of the Persians. He gave it privately in charge to Philotas and Hæphestion, that when they saw the Macedonians appearing at the top of the mountains, they should attack the enemy below. He himself, with his guards, one phalanx of armed soldiers, and as many Scythian archers as he had, advancing through the secret passage, eighty furlongs, fixed his station under the cover of the thick wood, and taking a circuit about in the middle of the night, he fell upon the enemy when they were asleep. When day opened, the trumpets resounded from the top of the mountains. At this signal Hæphastion and Philotas led the Macedonians out of the

camp. The Persians, surprised and surrounded above and below, were slain, or thrown headlong from the heights, or taken by the enemy.

The Address to the Public of a public-spirited Man, versified.

TO all ladies of rank, and ye delicate fair,
To noblemen, gentlemen, wanting sea-air,
Invalids who would bathe, and forget all your pains,
Flock hither, foregoing your homes, and your plains;
With your families hasten, nor waste any time,
To partake the sea-breezes and pleasures of LYME.
The grand panacea your health to restore,
When pill, draught, and bolus, are useful no more;
Where hot-baths are built to accommodate all,
By Davie, the brewer, near the magistrates' hall;
Where an elegant room commands the sea-views,
Affording amusement from books and from news;
While bathing, in waves so refreshing and pure,
By careful assistance is render'd secure;
Where PRUDENCE has every convenience prepar'd.
And that all should be pleas'd no expence has been spar'd,
To accommodate strangers of every clime,
And encourage them now to take lodgings at Lyme,
Where beauty and health with good humour unite,
And harmony reigns at the rooms every night.

AN IDLER.

INSCRIPTION *on the Monument erected to the Memory of the late* GEORGE GARDNER, *Esq. Commander of the Montreal Danish East Indiaman, at St. George's, Hanover-square.*

IN solemn pause—with tributary tear,
Bedew the poet's urn, the patriot's bier.
Here manly grace, in sentiment refin'd,
Display'd the treasures of the polish'd mind:
The realms of science truths immortal taught,
Persuasive eloquence dignify'd th' thought!
The gems of genius deck'd the trump of fame,
Wit, worth, and honour, venerate thy name.
The bright, luxuriant beams of fancy warm'd,
Precept instructed, whilst example charm'd;
Full on the list'ning ear conviction stole,
In "feasts of reason, and the flow of soul.

Respect, in sympathy, the sacred sod:
The Christian's soul, ere this, has met its God!
'Midst choirs of angels hallelujahs sing,
Now where's thy vict'ry, grave? Death, where's thy sting?

Answer, by W. J. of Noss Revelstoke School, near Plymouth, to C. Crew's Anagram, inserted June 13.

MINUTE's the space of time you mean,
And MINUET's the dance I ween.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Melhuish, J. Trood, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Tucker, of Ottery; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Typographus, J. Saunders, and J. Osborn, of Exeter; W. G. of Gittisham; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; H. Easter, of Poole; G. Trenchard, of Bampton; T. Pearse, of Chard; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; F. Arden, of South Petherton; William Kent, of Camelford; and R. Withall, of Plymouth.

Answer, by F. Arden, of South Petherton, to R. Loosemore's Enigma, inserted June 20.

SILENCE to contemplation is a friend,
And while it reigns our hearts to God let's bend.

*** Similar answers have been received from T. Pearse, of Chard; Typographus, J. Saunders, J. Treadwin, and J. Osborn, of Exeter; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; W. Kent, Camelford; J. Woodman, North Curry; W. D. Champion, J. Melhuish, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater.

A CHARADE, *by J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater.*

AN organ of the human frame,
Ye enigmatic wits pray name;
And next I beg you'll make appear,
What aged people often wear:
With one boon more I make an end,
Which is that you an answer send.

A CHARADE, *by R. Trewavas, of Mousehole.*

MY first's shut up in prison, pent from air,
Search Neptune's womb, you'll surely find it there;
Look round, ye gents. my next you'll shortly find,
A youthful fair to merriment inclin'd:
With what hard toil, with what unceasing cares,
My whole for you a scanty meal prepares.

A REBUS, *by P. Gove of Exeter.*

IMPRIMIS you to light will bring
A valiant Spartan of renown;
And next produce Ithaca's king,
Whose eloquence was useful found.

The son of Laomedon find,
Who was by fam'd Aurora lov'd;
And lastly, Sirs, you will explain
The season which should be improv'd.

Beneath the veil, tho' thinly hid,
The initials will to mind recall,
What the immortal Nelson did;
A bright example left to all.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An Elegy written on the Death of my dear and ever-lamented Brother, John Duck, who died July 1, 1808, in the 23d Year of his Age.

AND is he gone? has death's relentless dart
Pierc'd with its fatal point my brother's heart?
Alas! 'tis true, my dearest friend is fled,
My soul's best fav'rite's number'd with the dead!

His pale cold corpse in yon dark cavern lies,
'Till Heav'n's last trump shall bid the dead arise.

Thus am I left on earth a wretch forlorn,
My last remaining friend now doom'd to mourn:
My father, mother, long were gone before,
And now my dearest brother is no more.
Oh how shall words my heart-felt grief declare!
What woe, what sorrow, can with mine compare!
Flow, flow, my tears; but tears can ne'er express
My bosom's anguish, and my deep distress.

But shall I weep, like one of hope bereft,
Because my brother this vile world has left?
No: come, bright seraph, thou of man the friend,
When ev'ry other solace meets its end,
Come hope, on lucid wings, my spirit bear
To better worlds, and shew my brother there:
Where unmix'd pleasure rolls its ample tide,
And joy's unclouding streams for ever glide,
Where weary souls enjoy eternal rest,
From sin releas'd, with peace for ever blest.

Then cease my tears, or if again ye flow,
Let hope's sweet balm assuage the swelling woe:
And while on earth, at Heaven's command I stay,
Oh may I walk in virtue's sacred way!
Like him, a fair, just character, maintain,
And from the fatal paths of vice abstain.
My life from worldly vanity be pure,
And thus the love of all around secure.

Such was my brother, such the youth I mourn,
Fled from these earthly scenes ne'er to return:
But, Power Supreme! Almighty Lord! to thee,
With will resign'd I humbly bend the knee.
And all adoring ardently exclaim,
"He gave, he took, and blessed be his name."

South Petherton, July 18, 1808.

THE PARTRIDGES.

AS roaming one morning in spring,
Thro' the meadows where flow'rets grow,

I heard on the zephyr's soft wing
The sounds of lamenting and woe.

To the spot I directed my way,
For it seem'd as if danger were nigh,
And saw, just prepar'd for his prey,
A hawk proudly soaring on high:

'Twas a covey just fledg'd, and so small,
That scarcely their forms were descried;
They seem'd for their parents to call,
But no voice to their mourning reply'd.

So I took the young brood to my home,
And nurs'd them with tenderest care;
I bade them no longer to roam,
But rest in tranquillity there.

They bask'd in the nurturing sun,
And were screen'd from the rage of the storm;
At the sound of my voice they would run,
And rejoice at the sight of my form.

With rapture I saw them improve
In vigour, as spring pass'd away;
They appear'd to delight in my love,
Nor to wish from the garden to stray.

One morning, at peep of the dawn,
To my long-cherish'd charges I sped—
But, Oh! with what pangs I was torn,
When I found that the ingrates had fled!

"Thus man," I exclaim'd, "shall complain,
Too oft by appearance betray'd;
When he finds his attachments were vain,
And his love with ingratitude paid.

Since he then, with reason endu'd,
Regards not the calls of the heart;
What wonder that creatures so rude
Should act a perfidious part?"

H. R. W.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

S O N G.

I See a distant tower and grove!
A distant hill I see;
And near it dwells my heart's true love,
The nymph that lives for me.

What mountains rise, what torrents roar,
What forests wave between!
Oh for an eagle's wings to soar
To love's transporting scene!

It must not be! fond wish adieu!
In vain I gaze and sigh;
Dull night obscures the well-known view
That charm'd my tearful eye.

Farewell thou distant tower and grove,
Where memory loves to dwell!
And thou, too, Oh my heart's true love,
My life, my all, farewell!

SYLVIO.